

HELP!

JANUARY • ICD • 95c



So you didn't
vote for him. At
least enjoy the
Inaugural Ball.





EDITORS PREFACE

With this issue, HELP! goes back to a six times a year issuance. Those of you who have followed our stormy career have undoubtedly noticed we're about as regular as a twitch. Nevertheless, our "fans" seem to be more persistent, and we're

looking forward to smoother sailing on editor schedules.

Along with our new schedule, we have acquired a new, finalizing associate editor... Miss Myrna Dressler, thus tripling our mighty editorial staff.

FUMETTI

The setting for our latest picture story comes from the men's John across the hall, to the big, modern MGM telestudio in New York where we shot a good part of our Starline Break picture story.

Marlene Kanter, our leading lady, is sort of like a glass of sexy electrified seltzer who, at a tender age, has already been on TV's Naked City and The Jackie Gleason Show as well as playing a part in the movie, The Pawnbroker, with Rod Steiger.

Max Richard, our leading man, has an extensive theatrical background, notably in Dallas, Texas, where he was recently nominated Best Actor Of The Year for the lead performance in Cat On A Hot Tin Roof. Aside from his theatrical pursuits,

Max played a part in the movie, Free, White And Twenty-One.

Rubio Omers, our copstar, should be a familiar face to our more loyal fumetti readers, having appeared in a number of our past picture stories.

WONDER WART HOG

The city of "Eat, Pig, Pig!" is heard throughout the land! The hog of Steel is back in an original adventure down (only once) especially for us by that recurrent Texas beatnik, Gilbert Shelton. To those of you who saw an adventure of the Wart-Hog in Esquire, remember! You saw it here first!

HARLEM

Our cartoon report has an interesting author. Out of the west has come a last pen who goes by the unlikely name of Robert Crumb. This child of 21, come east to seek his fortune, is a terror with an ink-blooding rapadograph, and you may judge his marksmanship by his sketches on pages 13-14, 30-35.



MYRNA DRESSLER
A new acquisition

LETTERS

Like I just want to say that I dig your magazine the most. You come up with excellent material that should last for a long time to come. (And even if I can't read it, I still have fun looking at the pictures.)
John V. Garner
Herry, Illinois

While having a stay in a hospital, I found your magazine and glanced over it. It is also today the most easy, vulgar and useless book I have ever read. It is not fit for decent people.

A Reader
Once & Only

I have long been a fan of HELP! and of Harvey Kurtzman. When I bought the February issue and read the Golden Book of God, I was astonished that any nation wide magazine would dare to print such an article. Although I am religious and do believe in God, I nevertheless laughed at the whole article, a brilliant piece of satire. I felt that you were poking fun not at beliefs but at believers. I immediately realized, as did many other readers, and as you undoubtedly realized even before the article was printed, that you would receive a barrage of angry letters. The next time I saw HELP! was yesterday, when I saw, and consequently bought the answer, sorry issue.

Gentlemen, that letters department was one of the funniest articles you have ever printed. All but two of the "anti-" letters were a scream. Especially the ones calling you Communists! And the one that hoped you'd burn in Hell!

What these people fail to realize is that you have every bit as much freedom to publish this satire as they have freedom to believe in God. To revoke, challenge, or even question this right is very close to chas-

ing or questioning freedom of religion.

Congrats to HELP! for again showing that its editors extend immunity, even our honored "sacred cows."

Bill Sommer
University of California
Davis, California

Hey—I wonder if you got any criticism of your cover on the New Years issue. The reason I wonder about this is 'cause when I lived in Miami—a certain city commissioner, or something (a big wheel in local politics—at any rate) named Mrs. Wainwright declined that a certain billboard, which featured an advertisement for Copertone Suntan lotion was obscene. Said billboard featured the copertone trade mark, a dog tugging at the bathing trunks of a little girl. Mrs. Wainwright circulated a petition—and hundreds of people signed it. Mrs. Wainwright lost her case though, and the sign still remains—overlooking a busy Miami highway intersection. Anything you print will offend somebody. I'm sure that there are even some wackos out in readership land who are extremely offended by your publication statement at the bottom of your contents page. And somebody out there is furious over the typefaces you use

—and for type names.

Jay Lynch
Chicago, Illinois

Far, far too many moons ago, HELP! #20 appeared on the stands. I was determined to write you a brief letter of praise and encouragement, as a small token of the immense pleasure your last 15 issues have given me. In particular, I took glee to print the Jeeli Siegel-Hank Hinton scene, in which as it was, I am afraid I halfway expected #20 would be the last issue of HELP! would see the Amendment to the contrary notwithstanding. Any speaker, writer, or publisher who dares to violate venious term-branded "taboos" can easily be persecuted into oblivion. It is good to see, by the belated but eventual appearance of HELP! #21, that bigotry, idocy, idleness, and the croaky economics of publishing have not yet swamped you. May your magazine go long, and may you continue to puncture the wacko, blithering fatuity that lurks in nearly every aspect of American life from womb to tomb.

The letter is not going to be as brief as the one I had originally planned in my head, because of the remarkable letters you published in #21. It was interesting to see that the typical letter, in reaction to the Siegel scene, did not merely denounce the publisher and editor of HELP! as vicious, evil, Communistic, infant-murdering, mother-assaulting, flag-trampling, back-stabbing, offensive, subversive masters, but also boasted of and threatened you with "their" supposed ability to prevent your magazine from being sold PLAYBOY, which has recently been overstepping taboos too, has been suffering under stacks of similar letters.

In most countries, such comically ignorant, culturally illiterate blatherbushes have a

humility born of their meagre level of experience, but in the U. S. they have always seemed to have the notion that they are in charge. It never pays to laugh them off, much as one would like to do so, in many communities, particularly small ones, they are a real menace to the public.

Alexis de Tocqueville, that most perceptive of observers, saw the fatal flaw clearly when he found this country more than a century ago. He wrote —you are almost certainly familiar with the passage, but I'll give it anyway. Facts can't be denied too often—"I know of no country in which there is so little independence of mind and real freedom of discussion as in America. . . In America the majority makes formidable barriers around the liberty of opinion; within these barriers an author may write what he pleases, but was to him if he goes beyond them. Not that he is in danger of an auto-da-fé, but he is exposed to continued obloquy and persecution. His political career is closed forever, since he has offended the only authority that is able to open it. Every sort of compensation, even that of celebrity, is refused to him. Before entering public life opinions he thought he had sympathizers, now it seems to him that he has none any more since he has revealed himself to everyone, then those who blame him criticize loudly and those who think as he does keep silent and move away without courage. He yields at length, overcome by the daily effort which he has to make, and subsides into silence, as if he felt remorse for having spoken the truth."

But the bores do not have to be a majority, and the non-bores do not have to lack courage. Keep it up, fellows!

William R. Coker
Athens, Georgia

Please address all mail to HELP! letters, Department 22 627 Madison Avenue, N. Y.



Obscene!

I aimed at the
apple, but the wind
must've shifted or
something, because



A Negro
just went in
the water.



It's a pleasure
to address the
Teamsters'
Local.







Thanks a lot
for your time anyway,
folks.





Here, boys,
no frugging
on duty.





"When will these down sit-ins quit?"

Paul Menta

Andy Strasser



help's public gallery

We welcome contributions to this feature. HELP will pay a mungificent \$5.00 for every snide cartoon used. Mail submissions to: HELP, 527 Madison Avenue, New York City. Please be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope to assure return of all rejections.

Step W. Hansen



"He came riding in on a kind of white charger and pointed that thing at him."

Ken Schneider



Frank Marquer



"I thought it was customary to kiss the ground first."



Jay Lynch



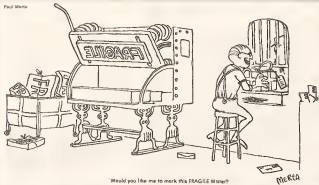
"Now the best place to put the microfilm is in the inner filter of charcoal granules between the two modern outer filters."

CRAZY LOU'S USED CARS



"How much for a used Volkswagen?"

Phil Merts



"Gentlemen, a toast"



"And when did you first notice these feelings of persecution?"



Continued—



HOW IS THAT?
DADDY, YOUR LITTLE PIZZAS
ARE GOOD! THAT'S ALL!

CLAMP
1998

Frank Marquet



"Senshead!"

Elftan



Marquet



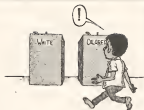
"Downin' Thames watch that low straling!"



Dennis Elftan



"And this is for Jim and Marco, and Morn and Dad and Clare, and all the decent folks back home and for freedom and Liberty and"



20/4

Who knows
what evil lurks
in the heart
of Phi Beta Kappa?
The audience
knows in . . .

STATION BREAK by

ED FISHER

MARIANNE KANTER—Liz
MAX RICHARD—Punk
RUTLIO OMERO—The Boss

RON BOJAS—Photographer
MGM TELESTUDIOS—Studio

See here, Funtl-
we may be an educational
TV channel but we still
want RATINGS.
Comprehendessan?

SNORE

BZZZ



—Look at the programing ins!
*How the Westslation Archdiocety
Was Won,*



*Pop Crooners
of the Gregorian Era;*



*Have a Ball with Solid
Geometry. Meet the Beatles and
Other Zooskeletal Life Forms.*



I mean,
how much more
can I just sit
stuff up?



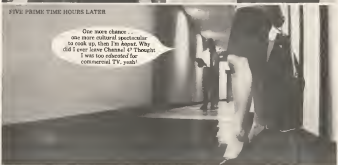
Well, time's
getting short for you
to prove yourself!
Caveat the neck!

I'll give you
another six boxes of prime
time. Forshleit mat?



FIVE PRIME TIME HOURS LATER

One more chance...
one more cultural spectacular
to cook up, then I'm Apat. Why
did I ever leave Channel 4? Thought
I was too educated for
commercial TV. yeah!





Maybe I can get my old job back, ghost-writing satirical remarks for the guest celebrities on the Jack Paar Show!

The JACK PAAR SHOW?



Gooh, Mister Funtt, did you work for HIM?

Yeah, and I'll probably be back there tomorrow... Day....



... who are you, anyway? It's after 6 o'clock. The station closed for the night



Don't you recognise me, Mister Funtt?



I'm Lee Annber.



the Wednesday morning Nature Study Lady.



Remember?



Say! I never saw you without your gray wig before. And your glasses, back teeth, high lace collar and—and—



Oh, that's just character make-up, so I'll fit the image of a biology teacher

I collected some Pond Life specimens for tomorrow's program. I just want to leave them on the dissecting table in Studio A



Hey! Not Studio A's all set up for a 5 a.m. matinee-song by the Little Acne Society Magical Group! ... Here, you can use Studio B.

I've never even been in Studio B before. Why, it's so cushy! So intense!



I'll check you out on the lights and things. These control your overhead spots. This is for your amber floods. Careful of this one



—push it and you're on the air ...



What's the bed for?

Oh, that's used in the Yoga Neurology Hour. Close-up views of muscles twitching during deep sleep. Great, lovely show, yeah! First they have to put the patient to sleep, then ...



Can I set up my specimens here? What's this table used for?

That's where the Yoga professor lies down when he goes to sleep—it's programs like that ... Costing us ratings ...









WONDER WART-HOG

MEETS

THE MERANGSTERS!

BY GILBERT SHELTON



THE SCENE: MUTHALOGE CITY, IN THE ROARING TWENTIES... THE PUBLIC'S LUST FOR HOT JAZZ AND BOOTLEG BOOZE HAS PAVED THE WAY FOR A RASH OF UNDERWORLD ACTIVITY! AS RIVAL GANGS RESORT TO OPEN WARFARE IN THE VERY STREETS OF MUTHALOGE, THE HOME OF THE MUTHALOGE MORNING MISHAP, ACE REPORTER PHILBERT DESANEX (AND, CONSEQUENTLY, WONDER WART-HOG), WE FIND THAT THE TWENTIES HAVE A SENEWAY MUTTERED ROAD...



AND THROUGHOUT THE CITY, AS THE NOTORIOUS MERANGSTER AL "PIEFACE" CAPPOON FIGHTS FOR UNDERWORLD DOMINATION, CAN BE HEARD THE HEALTHY "SPAT" OF CHOCOLATE CREAM PIES!

... UNDERWORLD LORD, "DUTCH CHOCOLATE" SCHULTZ, IS PASTED IN HIS FLOWER SHOP!



THEN, SEVEN UNDERWORLD CHARACTERS ARE MURDERED IN THE ST. VALENTINE'S DAY MESSAGE!

AND THEN, A RASH OF HOODS CARRYING BANJO CASES ENTER BAWKS THROUGHOUT THE CITY!



THIS TASTES LIKE THE
WORK OF "PIEFACE" CAPOON!

THEY'VE ADDED
SALT TO
CONFUSE OUR
BALLISTICS MEN!



AND ACROSS TOWN, IN A SMOKE-FILLED ROOM

CHECK YOUR SHOULDER
HOLSTERS, BOYS — WE'RE
GONNA GO TERRORIZE
TH' POPULACE!



MEANWHILE, IN THE EDITORIAL OFFICES OF THE
MUTHALODE MORNING MISHAP, STAR REPORTER
PHILBERT DESANEX (WHO, AS WE ALL KNOW, IS
REALLY WONDER WART HOG) IS UNWITTINGLY
ABOUT TO BECOME A PART OF THIS SAGA!

DESANEX! WHERE ARE YOU? THE BOSS
HAS AN ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU!



DESANEX, PIE-FLUNGING MORSTERS ENGAGING IN
MERINGUE WARFARE HAVE BEEN SLAUGHTERING
INNOCENT BYSTANDERS ALL OVER MUTHALODE!
THERE'S A POSSIBLE HUMAN INTEREST STORY
HERE! I'VE GOT A PLAN...



LATER:

I'VE DISGUISED MYSELF AS AN
INNOCENT BYSTANDER! NOW ALL
I HAVE TO DO IS WAIT FOR THE
MERANGSTERS TO COME ALONG AND EXTORT
MONEY FROM THIS GUILTELESS SHOPOWNER!

AND I'M NOT
A MOMENT TOO
SOON!



HERRO?

WE'RE IN THE INSURANCE
BUSINESS, MOUSE, AND WE'VE COME
TO COLLECT OUR PREMIUM!





THIS SAGA HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! YOU KNOW, AND I KNOW, IT IS NOW TIME FOR:



LACKETEERS, ROOK OUT!

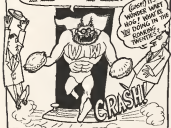


MEANWHILE, IN "PIERCE" AL CARPONE'S HIDEOUT:

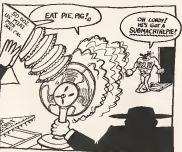
MUTHALORE WILL SOON BE UNDER OUR THUMB, HOOBS! WE HAVE JUST ACQUIRED THE ULTIMATE IN PIE WEAPONRY!



(I'VE GOT YOU ALL COVERED! DON'T NO BODY MAKE NO MOVE!)



(WHY? IT'S WONDER WHAT HOG? WHAT'LL YOU DOING IN THE ROARANCE TWENTIES?)



EAT PIE, PIG!

OH LORDS! HE'S GOT A SUBMACHINEPIE!

I'VE BEEN HIT BY A MERINGUE MONSOON!

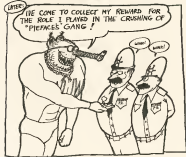


WE'VE CAPTURED HIM! LET'S GIVE HIM A ONE-WAY RIDE!

LET'S GIVE HIM A PAIR OF CONCRETE PUNCH PUPPIES AND TAKE HIM FOR A RIP IN THE EAST RIVER!

NOW, I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOU READERS TO THINK I'M CHICKENHEARTED, BUT I ACTUALLY BELIEVE, JUST AS SOON AS I WIGGLE MY FEET LOOSE FROM THIS CONCRETE, I'M GONNA GO CALL IN A LITTLE OUTSIDE HELP!





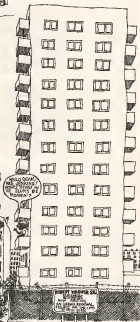
a sketchbook
report
by
Robert Grumb



HARLEM









A FEW OF THE GANGS OF HARLEM

THE
VIPES[®]
ARE A
MEAN
BUNCH



THE
"SPORTSMEN"
ARE SHARP DRESSERS



THE
"DISCIPLES"
ARE HARD-BOILED
WEIRDO'S



THE
"UNDOUBTABLES"
... HAVE THEIR
OWN BRAND OF
BUNK FOR
SURE.









Maybe
with a little
wig—



TOM JONES



THE LONG SHIPS



A black and white photograph of two men in suits shaking hands. The man on the left is older, with thinning hair, and is smiling. The man on the right is younger, with dark hair, and is also smiling. They are both wearing dark suits, white shirts, and ties. The man on the left has a small pin on his lapel. The background is plain and light-colored.

And just as soon as
you pass your bar exam.
Barry, we'd love to have you
in the firm.



SATYR IN NEED OF HELP!

Yes... Satyrs need HELP! Satyrs need HELP! You need HELP! The world needs HELP! So get out your scissors, your little chewed pencil stub, and your checkbook and follow the simple instructions below.



HELP! Magazine
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Philadelphia 38, Penna

I have enclosed 50c per HELP!
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for 6 issues of HELP!

Name

Address

City

State Zone

For dizzying-
good fun, stare
at my nose, then
stare at our insides—
pg. 20

